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Little Folks

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

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Jan. 1924

S.E. Cassino Co. Salem, Mass.

SIMPLE SIMON

SIMPLE Simon met a Pieman
Going to the Fair;
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Well Simon knew pie would not do
For little children's diet;
He bade them beat a quick retreat
Before there was a riot.

That Pieman wise had enterprize,
He knew what children needed;
He found a sweet for them to eat
And that's why he succeeded.

When he appears, he's met with cheers,
Is this most lucky fellow;
The children race from place to place
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John Martin's Book, the Child's Magazine

SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

MY TEACHER

By Angelo Patri

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City"; Principal Public School 45, The Bronx

THE teacher I want for my children is somewhere abroad on this earth. So I shall know him when I meet him. I have made a picture of him like this:

He has a deep and abiding faith in childhood. He believes in its essential goodness. And this without blindness to faults or sentimentality toward childish sweetness.

He knows how to smile. He has the sort of smile that begins in his eyes and glows behind his face for an instant and then breaks in ripples of joy until it spreads to his ears. A smile that flashes through dancing eyes and over glistening teeth. A big, wide, heart smile.

He has deep silences. Not the petulant silence of the easily offended, but the thoughtful, full silence of great strength. The silence of the great rock that stands to the weather, sun or storm. The silence that the children feel as strength, friendly, brooding, gentle, calm.

When he teaches children he keeps his hands off them. He neither touches them nor their work. He knows that to do so is to impose his groping mind upon their own, a shadow upon darkness, and he stands back that the light may shine out.

He is humble toward his work. He knows that he is working upon the subject of the Creator and that there are mysteries here that are not for him to question. He labors merely to prepare the way that they may shine forth. He works constantly in the hope of a revelation.

The scientific attitude is his. He never asserts his knowledge. He accepts the word of to-day and works ahead toward that of to-morrow with an open and questioning mind. He is a searcher and not a dogmatic.

Children are happy where he is. They follow him about. They watch his comings and his goings. All he says is of interest to them; all he does, what they long to do—because he loves them.

When some one questions his way he stands firm, because he has the authority born of knowledge and experience. He will not do what he believes to be against the interest of his children, and that is his guiding rule in all his relations.

This teacher of mine knows how to play. He has a hobby of some sort. When he is resting he turns to it and his eyes light up and his steps quicken as he loses himself in it. He can work the better because he knows how to rest.

And he has an ideal, this teacher of mine, an ideal; something through which he sees the world, a world on fire with noble impulses and splendid deeds.

Somewhere on this earth, is my teacher. Search for such a one for your own.

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Published and entered as second-class matter at P. O., Salem, Mass.

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Margherita O. Osborne, Editor

Western Advertising Representative, George H. Meyers, 5 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

$2.00 a year 20c. a copy Issued Monthly Canadian and Foreign Postage 15c. Extra

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If you cut out this slip and mail it with your $2.00 I will send you some big sheets of colored paper dolls that you will enjoy cutting up very much.

For the New Year

Little Year all bright and new,
All the children bow to you;
Riding cross the lands of snow,
Far you come the children know;
From the farthest worlds that are,
Farther than the farthest star;
Little Year with flying feet,
Coming down the frosty street,
Little Year all bright and true,
All the children bow to you.

Annette Wynne

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXVII JANUARY, 1924 NO. 3

BENNY'S BLUE RIBBON

By Ethel Brown White

WITH all his heart Benny Bunting wanted a blue ribbon. All winter he had attended Mr. Moore's dancing class. He had tried, oh, how he had tried to kick his right foot out at the correct time. With all his might had he tried to balance upon one toe, to spring round in mid-air in order to "turn"—there was really nothing Benny had not tried to do.

Mother washed his white chamois skin gloves, every week. His best blue suit was neatly brushed; his necktie, with the white stripe, freshly pressed; his patent leather pumps kept in shining shape by steel shoe trees—everything was quite correct. But Benny's feet were large and Benny was large. Benny tried so hard that sometimes he felt dreadfully tired. Often his feet seemed to be made of iron! They wanted to drag, and worst of all they wanted to toe in!

Mr. Moore was an exceedingly busy man. For many years he had been from city to city teaching many classes of many children. Seldom did he grow to know any of his pupils very well. Yet always, year after year, when any boy or girl could

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"CHILDREN, THERE IS A BOY WHO WILL GET A BLUE RIBBON!"

dance round and round the room twisting and turning, pointing and leaping, as they had been taught, Mr. Moore would click his little black castanet, the music would stop, and Mr. Moore would say, "Children, *there* is a child who will get a blue ribbon!" And upon the lapel of the boy's coat or upon the frills of the girl's ruffles, Mr. Moore would pin a bow of heavenly blue. Always he held the bow high between the tips of his white kid fingers, so all the children might see.

Always Benny hoped; always he danced about Mr. Moore as hard and as fast as his legs would go—yet the castanet never, never clicked for Benny Bunting.

Then one day came a terrible temptation—the worst temptation of all Benny's life. The boys and girls were dancing round and round, the music playing, when suddenly at Benny's feet lay a beautiful blue ribbon! He stooped to pick it up. He looked about. Someone would surely claim it—but no one did. The music went right on. So did the children. No one even missed the blue bow! Perhaps! oh, perhaps it had floated right down from heaven! Why not pin it on his coat? Why not be glad and gay at last?

Just as Benny's hand moved towards his shoulder he thought, "Even if the bow did float right down from heaven I haven't *earned* it! Mr. Moore has not presented it to *me*. He has never clicked the little black castanet for me!"

Before he realized what he was doing, Benny walked straight up to Mr. Moore. He handed Mr. Moore the blue ribbon. Mr. Moore bowed low. The music kept right on, the children too, but Benny felt that something beautiful had vanished for all time from his life. He knew he must dance again but he did not see how. His legs seemed very heavy. Very tired. Would he ever be able to make them leap and turn again?

AT BENNY'S FEET---A BEAUTIFUL BLUE RIBBON

Mr. Moore placed two chairs in the center of the room. This was the test terrible. With a groan Benny gave a leap and started round and round those two terrible chairs. "One-two-three—leap-two-three, leap-two-three," panted poor Benny to himself. His heart was broken, still he must keep time; one-two-three—one-two-three—he must dance on and on, one-two-three—one—

LEAP-TWO-THREE

Click went Mr. Moore's castanet! "*There*," said he, pointing straight at Benny. "*There* is a boy who is going to get a blue ribbon next lesson.

The music continued, the children, too, but oh the song, the difference of the song, in Benny's heart! No longer did his feet feel like iron. They danced, they pointed; they twisted and turned. Ribbons falling from the sky were nice, but ribbons from Mr. Moore's hand—held first for all the class to see—oh! those were ribbons worth the having.

TAILS

BY

EDWARD LEWIS

IN the reign of King Stork it was decreed throughout the animal world that the custom of wearing Tails should be abolished.

King Stork was a reformer, and desired that his subjects should become more and more like unto Men.

"Men have no tails," he argued, "why should we?"

His Chief Adviser warned him that the decree would arouse violent opposition.

"Very well then," said King Stork; "it shall be either Heads or Tails. If they won't let me cut off the one, I'll cut off the other!"

From which it was plain that the King had a Will of his own.

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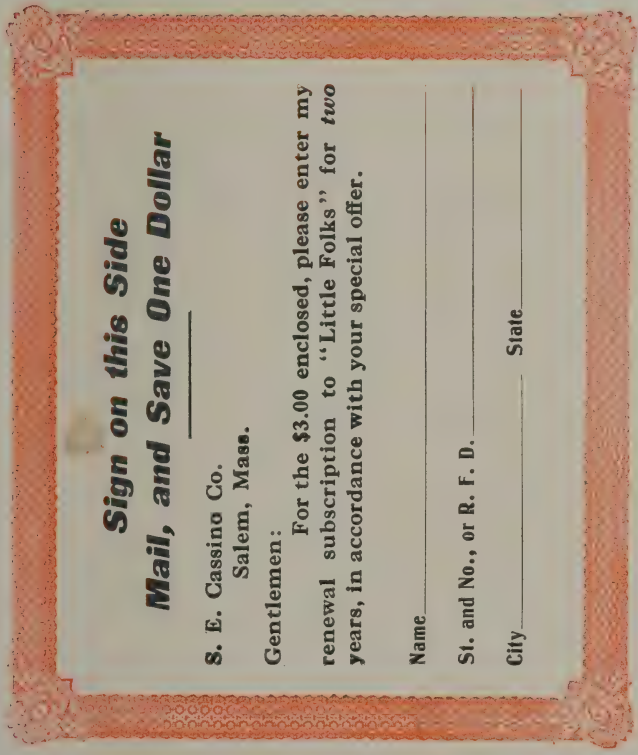
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So the animals assembled to draw up a document which would set forth the Important Uses of Tails, and to present a humble petition to His Majesty that all who could prove that their Tails were necessary need not be subject to the decree.

The President of the assembly was a Manx Cat who, having no Tail, and therefore nothing to fear from the hands of the King, would naturally be an Impartial Person.

The animals came forward in due order.

"I don't know what I should do without my Tail," said the Monkey as he dropped through the tall trees, and would have fallen heavily to the ground had he not been able to grasp an upper branch with his Tail until he found a sure footing on a lower one. "The decree spells ruin to our Tribe."

A MURMUR of sympathy arose from all the inhabitants of the trees, such as Squirrels who, although they do not grasp with their tails, run safely among the treetops because they are able to balance themselves by means of them.

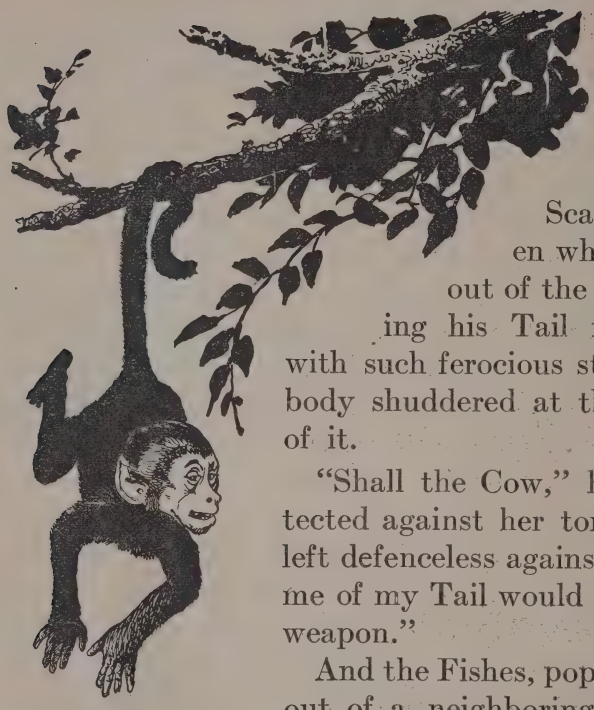
"Talking about balancing," said the Kangaroo, squatting in the open with her two babies in her pouch, "where should I be without my Tail?"

It was plain to everyone that the Kangaroo's Tail was as important as the third leg of a stool.

"And while we are on that subject—" twittered a chorus of birds. Birds of all kinds, large and small—the Magpie, the Hawk, the Martin, the Wagtail—who, whether flying or hopping or alighting on a perch, proved that they would be lost without their Tails. And a Woodpecker, clinging to the stem of a pine-tree not only with his claws, but with his Tail pressed firmly down upon it, showed how necessary his Tail was to him.

So the Manx Cat made a note to the effect that all animals whose tails were needed for grasping, or for balancing, whether in the air, or on foot, ought to be free of the King's decree.

"And since our noble King," said the Red Cow, standing in the heat of the sun and swishing the flies away from her flanks, "must be as anxious for the happiness and peace of his



faithful subjects as he is for their lives, he would never wish to deprive me of my Tail."

Scarcely had she spoken when a Tiger bounded out of the undergrowth, flashing his Tail from side to side with such ferocious strength that everybody shuddered at the sight and sound of it.

"Shall the Cow," he roared, "be protected against her tormenters, and I be left defenceless against my foes? To rob me of my Tail would be to rob me of a weapon."

And the Fishes, popping their heads up out of a neighboring Lake, wanted to know how they ever would be able to swim without their Tails. They had just time to put in their plea before an Otter pushed his snout above the water and grunted something to the effect that "what the rudder is to a ship, my Tail is to me."

In the distance, on the far side of the valley, a pack of Hounds was hunting a Fox through the coverts. The other animals watched them at work. It was a pretty sight. The Hounds were waving their tails like signals above the fern and the tall grasses. "The scent is weaker here," one Tail seemed to say. "I've lost it altogether," said another. "Here it is! Hot and strong!" said a third. And, following him, the pack disappeared in full cry.

So the Manx Cat wrote down that all animals who hunted in packs ought to be allowed to keep their Tails for signalling purposes.

"That will include me," said the Wolf.

Then a Peacock with his dazzling Fan spread out in the sun, strutted before the Assembly; and the breast of every creature

beholding him, thrilled with admiration. His Tail at least was safe. It was more than a Tail, it was a Spectacle. They cheered him to the echo.

Then—a Fox. He slipped into view out of nowhere, his heavy Brush dropping to the ground. He was greeted with laughter.

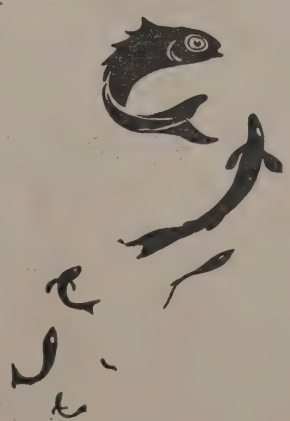
"I plead for my Tail," he said, looking cunningly around out of the corners of his eyes.

The Manx Cat stopped the laughter by raising her paw.

"Pardon me," she politely said, "but it is not clear to us what useful purpose your Tail serves. We should rather have thought that you would be better without it. But if—"

"I'll show you," said the Fox, and trotted off down the hillside. He was soon lost to sight, and only the sharpest pair of eyes could detect a red-brown tuft slowly waving to and fro in a hollow among the bracken and flowering grasses. Lying close to the ground, the Fox had hoisted his bushy Tail, so that while he himself was hidden, it was visible above the fern. There were rabbits about; young ones who had not yet learned by experience the deceit of the world! One of them, hearing the gentle rustling sound, and seeing a strange object waving to and fro in the air, drew near to see what it might be—then, a sudden leap, and a little squeal—!

A few moments later, the Fox triumphantly dropped from his mouth before the astonished Assembly an unharmed Rabbit who at once scuttered away.



"There were shouts of "Clever!" "Cunning!" "Bravo!" from all sides.

"I see," said the Manx Cat. "Your claim shall go in with the others."

When the Petition was laid before the King, he agreed, as an honest King should do, that there was a good deal to be said

for Tails, and confessed that he had not imagined how many uses a Tail could be made to serve. So he went back from his purpose, and recalled his decree.

And all the animals celebrated with such tail-wagging.

A BOY'S TOYS

With me all day
My Playthings stay,
Amusing me
And helping me
To spend a pleasant day;
With all my toys
And other joys,
It seems to me
I ought to be
The happiest of boys.

Frances M. Morton

THE BAWL-BABY

By Catha Wells

"SHE'S ALL SOUND"

IN spite of all her parents could do, Baby Lou would cry. At first it was thought she was sick, but good Doctor Jones looked at her tongue, tapped her chest and declared her sound.

"She is that," said tired Father. "She's all sound," and everybody laughed.

The Doctor prescribed a little hazel switch. Father grinned but Mother said, "O Doctor, I couldn't whip her."

Baby Lou recognizing her best friend cuddled against Mother's skirts and let the corners of her mouth droop lower and lower until a whimper came!

"My sakes," exclaimed Doctor Jones, "Don't make a face like that when you are out of doors these days—it might freeze and then you would be in a pretty fix."

Baby Lou saw the wisdom in this; she'd do her crying in the house, so she let out a rousing scream. The Doctor clapped his hands over his ears and fled, but Mother shook her head sorrowfully.

"O Lou, be quiet," said Brother Tom, "and I'll take you riding on my new sled."

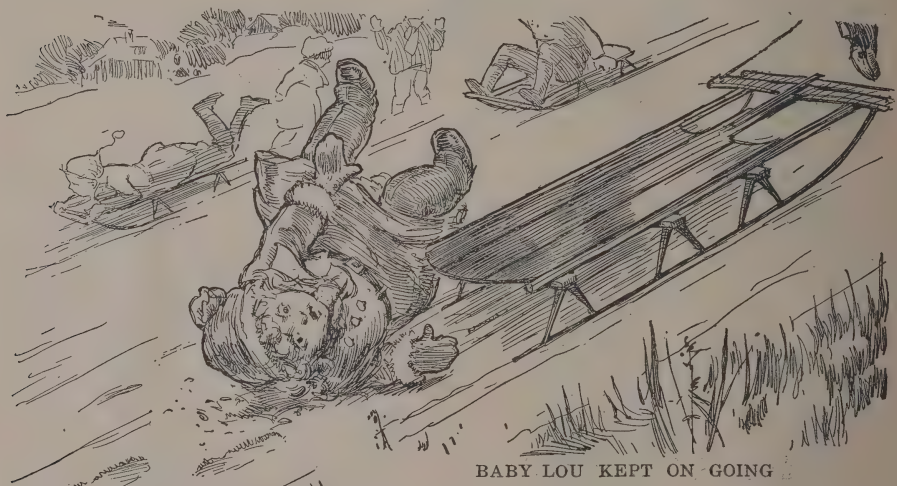
In a twinkle Baby Lou's ugly face changed into a dimpled, smiling one. For after all she only cried to get what she wanted and for two days she had been wanting a ride in the

deep snow. Before long, with just her dimpled face peeping from her riding-hood, she was whizzing through the air on Tom's sled. Far they went, up hill and down, till Tom's hands grew so cold he had to turn back.

"I don't want to go home," wailed Baby Lou.

"Oh, don't cry," plead Tom, "I'm so cold—"

But Baby Lou, not waiting to hear more, pulled her rose-



BABY LOU KEPT ON GOING

bud mouth down into an ugly, drooping look and yelled. Tom was too cold to stop and coax her so he set out for home with the sled bumping after him. As they passed a hill where children were coasting, someone shouted, "You'd better look out or you will freeze that way."

Baby Lou remembered the Doctor's words with a shock that made her slip from the sled. Tom's hands were so numb by this time that he could not feel the sled grow lighter, so he just kept on going.

As for Baby Lou she kept on going, too—but alas, she was going the wrong way. She fell off at the top of the hill and began to roll back down the long slope. Her face and cloak, wet with tears, gathered snow at each turn.

The astonished children cried, "See the baby-ball!"

But Baby Lou thought they meant baby-bawl and stopped the sob in her throat so not another tear could slip through. On she rolled, getting bigger and bigger; then finally at the foot of the hill she came to a stand-still right in front of Doctor Jones, who was hurrying home to dinner.

"My sakes, but you've made a big ball this time," he said to the children who were racing down the hill.

DR. JONES WRAPPED HIS COAT ABOUT HER

It's not a ball—it's a baby!" they cried.

Then a weak scared little voice from a lump of snow said, "It's a bawl-baby."

"Bless my life," Doctor Jones began to rub the snow away till he saw two very blue eyes fringed with ice and two dimpled cheeks.

"It's Baby Lou nearly frozen in a smile!"

He wrapped his coat about her and started home on a run. Half way there he met Father, and Mother and Brother Tom coming to find her. At the sight of their worried faces he called,—

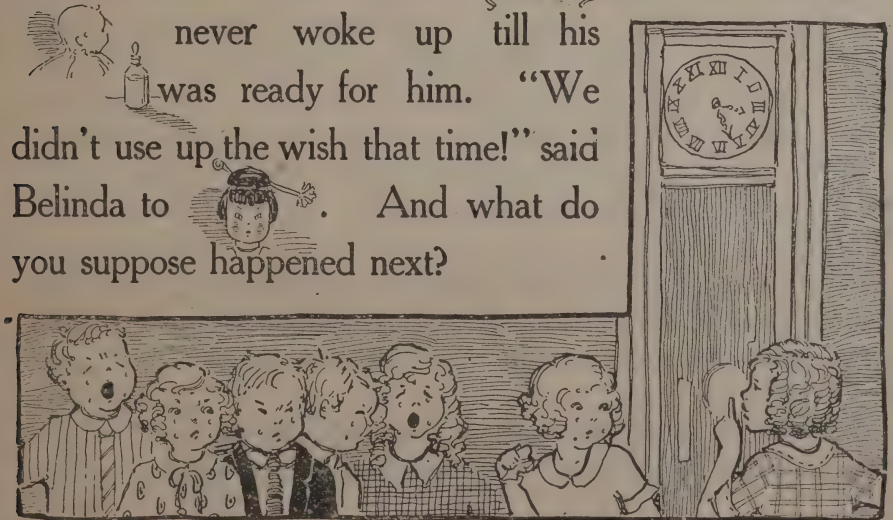
"Here, cheer up. Don't you know it is dangerous to go out in this weather unless you're smiling. See what I have," and throwing his coat back he showed them Baby Lou's dimpled face,

Well, Baby Lou never cried after that unless she was very badly hurt; for as Mother said, it was a risky habit to get into—crying all the time—because you never could tell just when a freeze might come.

Belinda and the Magic Button.

THE magic was round and bright and shone like the . "I will give it to Sadie-San to keep," said . Now Sadie-San was the Japanese that Belinda loved best of all her . She sat on the under the and every day Belinda climbed up on a and told her all about everything. So now she ran and laid the in Sadie-San's lap. "Sadie-San dear," she said, "Daddy has gone away and has gone away and I am to be a grand good and do the best I can." And just then there was the most dreadful noise down in the hall! It was like little s squealing and little bellowing and little mewing and little s hooting and it was the seven little and all crying at once except the precious who was in his taking his nap. Down the ran Belinda. "Children!" she cried, "What is the matter? You will wake the precious !" "Boohoo!" said Billy " is gone away and is gone away and there is nobody to take care of us!" And they all cried

so loud that the almost came off the . Then Belinda ran up and took the out of Sadie-San's lap. "I wish," she cried, and she was just going to say, "I wish the would stop crying, so as not to wake up the precious !" when she remembered that she could only have one wish. "O my goodness me!" she said, "I mustn't use up my wish so soon! Suppose the should get on fire or anything like that!" So down the she ran again and said "Children, be good and stop crying and keep still as and I will give each of you something to make you laugh!" Then to Billy she gave a and to Bobby a and to Betsey a and to Bennie a and to Barbara a and to Blanche a and they all stopped crying and began to laugh and to play as still as and the precious never woke up till his was ready for him. "We didn't use up the wish that time!" said Belinda to . And what do you suppose happened next?



SIGLINDA AMONG THE STARS

By Molly Winston Pearson

CHAPTER II

OU can't have Fairyland without fairies," Thorn-rose exclaimed, "now can you? So they are there, depend on it. In fact, all the broken dollies of all the little girls in this apartment building have been changed into fairies. No sooner have the poor dear babies with their smashed heads been sent down with the rubbish on the dumb waiter than, hey presto! they turn into fairies and go to live in Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof."

"What an agreeable arrangement, Thorn-rose!" remarked Zoe. "Now, Siglinda, you need not have cried so hard when your beloved Violetta fell out of the window and was dashed to pieces on the pavement below. Because, you see, she went straight to Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof and has been as gay as possible ever since."

Little Siglinda smiled faintly. "I am lonesome for Violetta, I loved her so."

"Oh, yes, certainly you'll find Violetta among the fairies on the roof," said Thorn-rose cheerfully. "She's there, I'm sure. She's much smaller now, of course, but she has the daintiest little wings, so that she can fly about with the other fairies."

"Don't you suppose Violetta is ever homesick and wishes I were there to put her to bed and sing to her?" asked little Siglinda.

"Bless your heart, no! Violetta is a fairy now, and she loves to dance in the moonlight until ever so late. Then when she is tired she just curls up in a rose and goes to sleep," Thorn-rose explained.

"I don't suppose there are many boy fairies, are there?" asked Marius. "Most all the dolls seem to be girls."

Thorn-rose laughed gently. "What an idea! Of course, there are boy fairies, and such tricks they are always playing on each other and the birds and bees and butterflies! They used to be the clowns in the toy circuses, and the Jacks-in-the-box, until you boys smashed them, when it was zoom-sip-zay! away to Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof for them. Then there are all the hundreds and hundreds of toy soldiers who lose their legs and arms and find their way into the maid's dustpan. They make the duckiest little boy fairies in Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof. And how glad they are they don't have to shoulder those old guns any more, and instead of their heavy knapsacks they have pretty little gauzy wings."

"AND how does a boy fairy pass the time away up on the roof? I should imagine they would be very dull," commented Marius. "Boys don't care much about dancing in the moonlight and such things."

"Oh, they keep very busy," Thorn-rose replied, "they go about and pick up all the feathers that fall from the birdies' wings and breasts. These they make into tiny feather dusters and then they dust every single leaf on those little orange trees every day. They brush off all the soot falling from the chimneys and keep the orange trees' leaves as glossy as possible. The little girl fairies tend the roses and sweetpeas, but the boys have to tidy up the little trees. Then, too, some of them live in the Prince's House of Stars. They clean and oil his telescope and keep it in fine shape for him."

"Don't they have any sports at all?" queried Marius again.

"I know what they like best," Zoe spoke up eagerly. "They like races. They put on their bathing suits, jump in the fountain pool and race the gold fish to see which can swim the farthest. And when the wind blows the roses to pieces they take the biggest rose petals and sail them for boats and have the grandest races. And they ride on the butterflies and have races."

By this time little Siglinda's head was nodding. Thorn-rose glanced up at the clock.

"Come, dears," she said, "it's eight o'clock. Off with your clothes and into your nighties."

At one end of the nursery were two little rooms which belonged to Zoe and Marius. But little Siglinda slept in the big nursery over in the corner by the fireplace.

Thorn-rose helped her with the buttons and tucked her in. Soon Zoe and Marius were both snuggled in bed, too.

Then Thorn-rose went to the phonograph and laid out several records. Soon the softest, sweetest music floated out into the room. It was the voice of the children's mother—a prima donna of the opera—singing her little ones to sleep, thus every night when she could not be there herself, the children lay and listened happily to their dear mother's loveliest lullabies until sleep came and closed their ears.

Thorn-rose made the rounds again after a while, tiptoeing about from bed to bed. Then when she had made sure the maids had come in, she went softly out of the door, and the elevator took her down stairs to her own apartment.

I think it was the cricket that woke little Siglinda after she had been sleeping very soundly for about two hours.

It did seem strange that there should be a cricket in the very topmost apartment of a ten-story building in a great city. But there he was, chirping away cheerfully in the big fireplace. You see, old Josefa who did the washing lived down by the riverside a long ways off, and it was she who had brought the cricket that very day in a basket of clean clothes.

"BOY FAIRIES KEEP VERY BUSY"

Marius captured him in the kitchen and made a cage for him out of a pasteboard box. He cut windows in the four sides and glued pink mosquito netting over them. It

"VIOLETTA IS A FAIRY, NOW"

was a comfortable enough home for any cricket.

But what to feed him—that was the question. The children had all seen crickets before at their summer cottage in Raspberry Lane, but they had never observed what they ate. So every once in a while during the day the lid of the pasteboard box had been cautiously raised and some new bit of food was laid on the doll plate Zoe had contributed to the cricket's new home. But they never saw him eating anything.

Little Siglinda lay awake in her crib and listened to the cricket. She wondered if he had tasted the honey she gave him from her plate at supper time. Probably he had and that was why he was chirping so pleasantly. Siglinda was so delighted with this thought that she made up a poem right off about the new pet:

"O Cricket dear, I like your song—
It's very sweet and not too long."

Next she began to wonder if she could tame the cricket, so that when she called him he would come hopping to her for a bit of honey or something else he liked. How charming that would be! She had never heard of anyone having a tame cricket. Perhaps Thorn-rose would make a story about "Little Siglinda and Her Tame Cricket," and put it in a magazine. She was very happy with that thought for a long time, while the cricket chirped gaily on in the fireplace, where she had put him because crickets, like Santa Claus, make you think of the fireplace.

Suddenly Siglinda threw the covers back and climbed out of her crib. She was wondering if she could make music on the piano like the cricket's chirp.

She stood on one foot by the baby grand piano in her little silk pajamas while she reached with the other foot for the soft

pedal. She must not wake Zoe and Marius, for that would mean being hustled right back to bed.

Little Siglinda was experimenting blissfully with the chirpiest and squeakiest of the top notes at the very end of the keyboard, when something soft touched her cheek. It was the rose-colored drapery at the open nursery window, which a breeze was tossing about. Siglinda threw back her head and looked up. Yes, the full moon was shining and the west wind was blowing. Very likely at that moment the Fairy Prince was in his House of Stars in Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof.

She ran to the foot of her crib. There lay a baby blue dressing gown of wadded silk. Below on the floor were a wee pair of baby-blue satin slippers to match, and their little toes with pink satin roses on them were pointing straight towards the nursery door. Little Siglinda had them on in a twinkling and let them carry her there.

But with her hand on the knob she stopped, came back and took up the pasteboard box containing the cricket. In her excitement she fell into rhyme again:

"The Cricket will be company
for me
Because he chirps so cheerily."

Then she opened the door and stepped out.

VERY LIKELY THE FAIRY PRINCE WAS IN HIS HOUSE OF STARS

HE JUST KEEPS RIGHT ON DIGGING

THE WORKER

By Henry Longscope

In black and Stygian darkness,
(Whatever that may be),
The Mole keeps mighty busy,
As one can plainly see.
Although he is completely blind.
(He hasn't any eyes),
He just keeps right on digging
As if working for a prize.
You never see him flaunt a sign
Which reads "PLEASE HELP THE BLIND."
He keeps on shoving with his head
And kicking hard behind.

"NOT SO GOOD!"

By Jean D. Squires

Said Tom, "Oh! wouldn't it be dandy,
If all the world were made of candy!"

Said Dick, "It surely would be sweet,
But somewhat sticky for our feet!"

HOW THE RED BIRD CAME TO PEAKED HILL

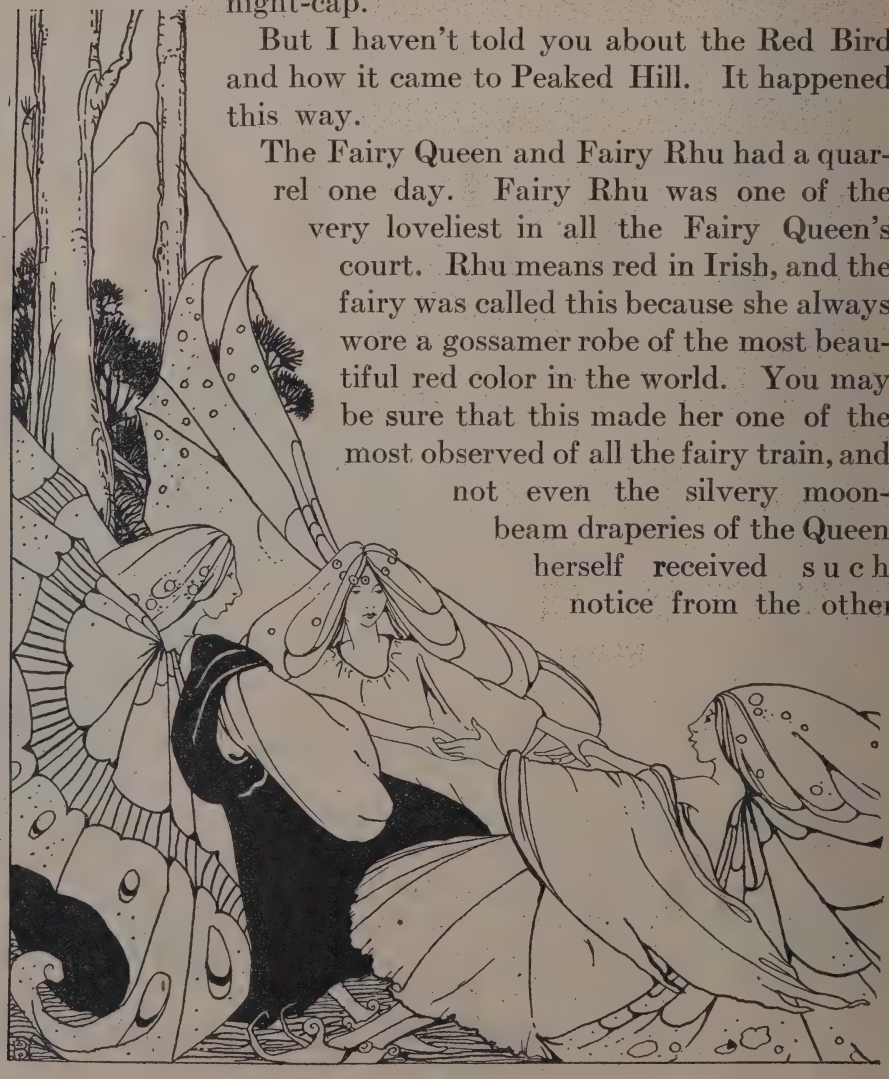
(Another Fairy Tale of Tipperary)

By Ellen Friel Baker

I HAVE told you in another story that Peaked Hill is the highest spot in all Tipperary, and that it is shaped for all the world like the peaked tip of your great-grandfather's night-cap.

But I haven't told you about the Red Bird and how it came to Peaked Hill. It happened this way.

The Fairy Queen and Fairy Rhu had a quarrel one day. Fairy Rhu was one of the very loveliest in all the Fairy Queen's court. Rhu means red in Irish, and the fairy was called this because she always wore a gossamer robe of the most beautiful red color in the world. You may be sure that this made her one of the most observed of all the fairy train, and not even the silvery moonbeam draperies of the Queen herself received such notice from the other



fairies when Rhu chose to dance her best and flit her bright-colored way in and out among the fairy throng. So it was about this very red frock that the Queen and Rhu fell out.

"I want you to change the color of your robe," said the Queen pettishly one night just before the moonlight revels began.

"And why pray?" asked Rhu, returning the Queen's scornful glances with good measure—for even fairies are sometimes snippish with each other just as mere mortals are.

"Because I don't like the color," answered the Queen haughtily.

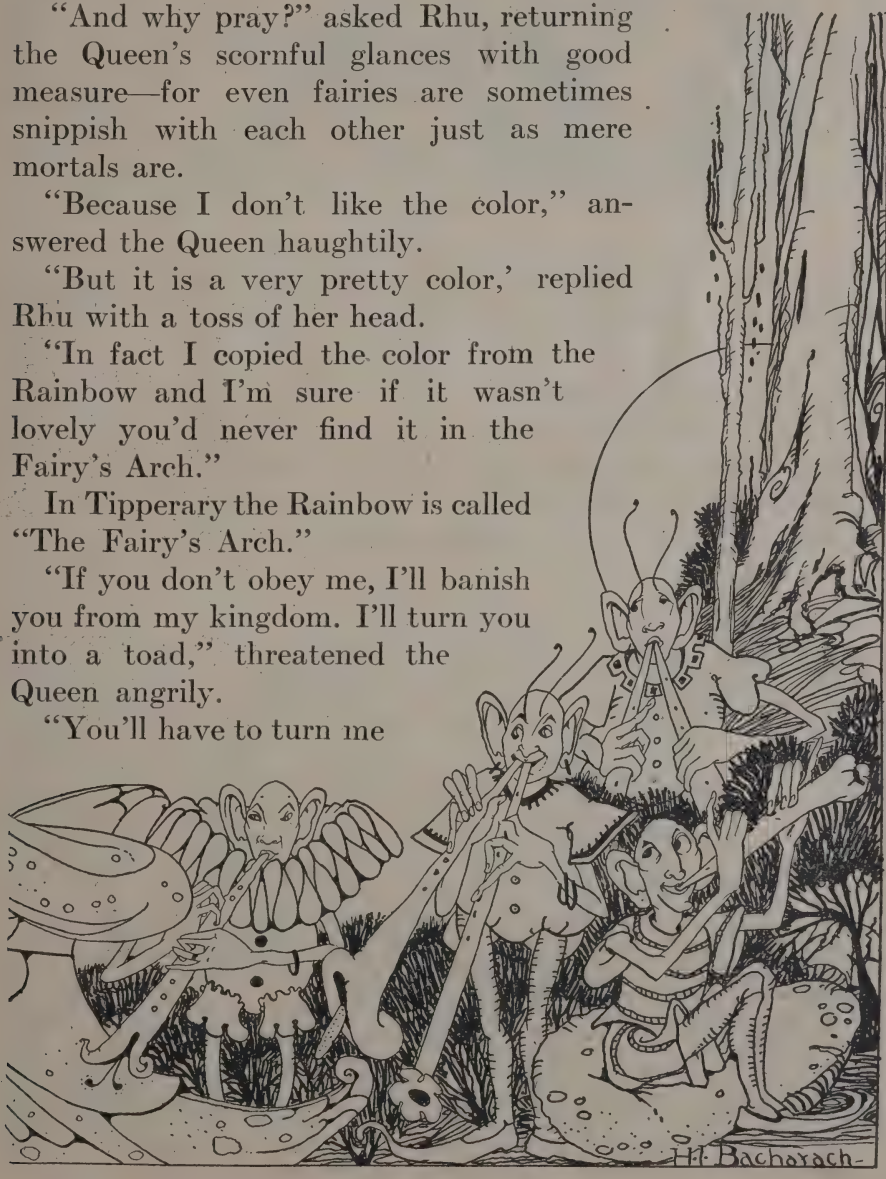
"But it is a very pretty color,' replied Rhu with a toss of her head.

"In fact I copied the color from the Rainbow and I'm sure if it wasn't lovely you'd never find it in the Fairy's Arch."

In Tipperary the Rainbow is called "The Fairy's Arch."

"If you don't obey me, I'll banish you from my kingdom. I'll turn you into a toad," threatened the Queen angrily.

"You'll have to turn me



"CHANGE ME INTO A TOAD THEN!" SOBBED FAIRY RHU

into a toad, then, you wicked queen," stormed poor Fairy Rhu beginning to cry so hard that all the other fairies put up their umbrellas because they thought it must be raining.

Fairy Rhu really forgot for a moment that the Fairy Queen not only sometimes takes on strange shapes herself—but changes others into them also. I am sure that if she had remembered this she would have at once begged the Queen's pardon! But in less time than it takes you to wink your eye she was changed from a lovely sprite in a red dress into an ugly dull-looking toad which went hopping out of sight making strange sobbing noises as it went.

There are as many toads as there are potato blossoms in Tipperary and so you will agree that it was a strange happening that made Jamie O'Friel notice the very toad which had been Fairy Rhu.

He was sitting on the banks of the River Shannon playing on his pipes when all at once his eyes rested on a small toad hiding under a fern leaf. So he poked at it with his toe and laughed softly to himself as it crouched farther from sight under the shelter of the fern.

I have already told you that Jamie O'Friel was a wonderful musician who could play such tunes as would charm the heart right out of your body. So when he began to play again the toad stopped shivering to listen. The music was so sweet that

it hopped from under the fern and forgot to worry for listening.

Jamie played a tune that reminded her of the grassy carpet on Peaked Hill. Reminded her of happy nights and moonlight revels, and she forgot that she was now a toad and not a fairy at all, and in her joy she hopped right up on the Piper's knee as he sat on Shannon's banks.

"Sure and what ails you?" gasped Jamie seeing the toad and taking his pipes out of his mouth in astonishment.

Then up spoke the frog:

"Oh please, good Piper, don't let me be a frog!"

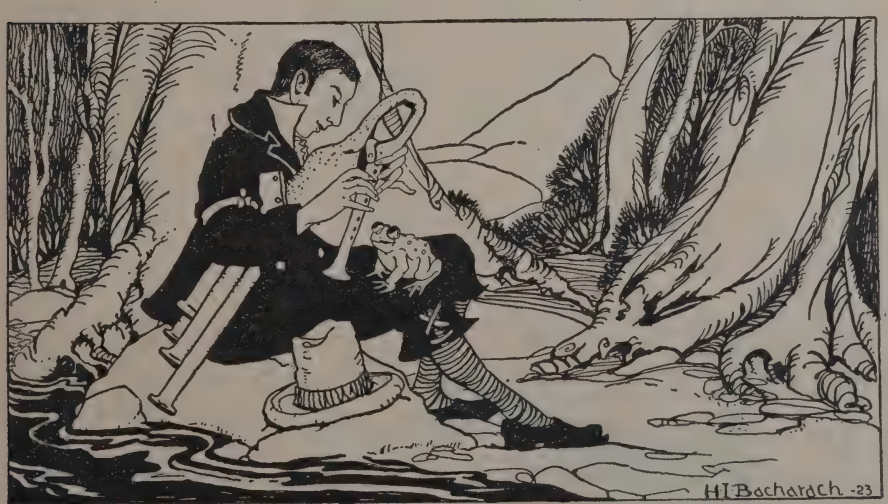
"Don't let you be a frog?" cried Jamie. "Well, sure now, and that's just what you are!"

"Oh no, I'm not, I'm a fairy," cried Rhu.

"Well, you're a queer looking fairy," laughed Jamie. Suppose you tell me all about it."

"The Queen was angry with me, because I wouldn't change my red dress so she changed me into a toad," Rhu told him.

"She did—did she?" questioned Jamie, wagging his head. "Well now, I happen to have a grudge against that lady my self—and so I'll try and change you to something nicer than an ugly toad anyway."



"OH, PLEASE, GOOD PIPER, DON'T LET ME BE A FROG!"

"Can you change me back into a fairy again?" asked Rhu,

"I'm afraid not," said Jamie—"and even if I could that would just bring on more trouble. But I'll try and change you into something nicer."

"Oh, be sure you change me into something red," begged Rhu.

"It's red you shall be," consented Jamie, and with that he put his pipes back into his mouth and began to play a wonderful tune.

It made you think of Springtime. Of growing grass and blossoming orchards. It seemed as you listened that there were bird songs in all the air, and then you thought of tiny white eggs in downy nests sheltered by the mother-bird's hovering wings.

All this time the toad that was Fairy Rhu was still perched on Jamie's knee listening to every note. All at once the dull colors began to change into a crimson hue. A beautiful crest came up where the ugly flat head had been and strong, swift wings sprung out at the sides.

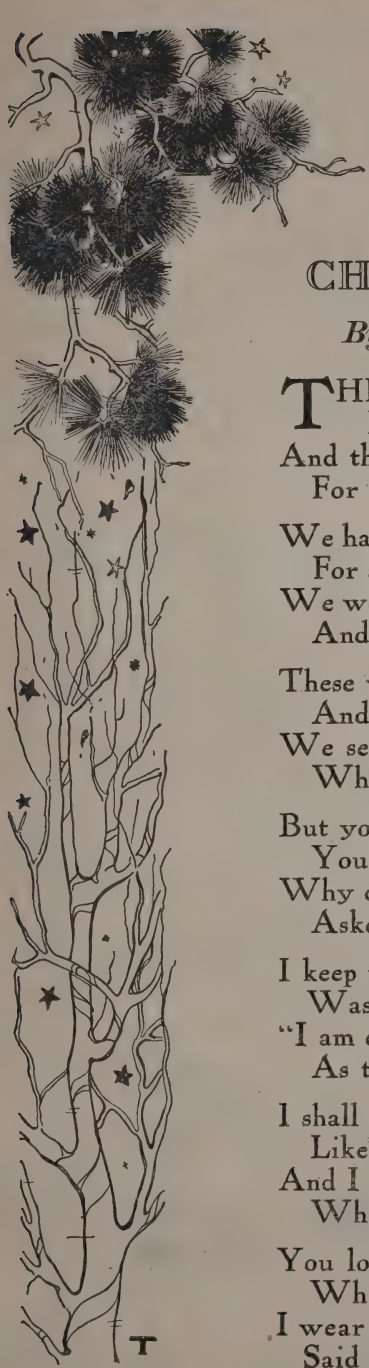
"Arrah!" said Jamie O'Friel ceasing his music and looking at the Redbird with approving eyes—"You're a beauty and you certainly are red."

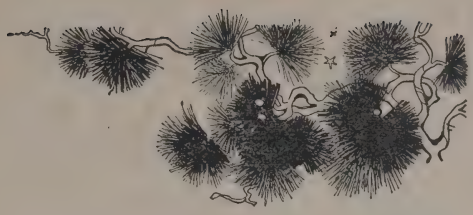
Then he lifted the bird on his finger and held it high in the air and said:

"Fly away, Bird of Red, fly to the very top of Peaked Hill."

"Fly and sing and bring happiness to all who dwell in Tipperary."

"FLY AND SING AND BRING HAPPINESS TO ALL WHO DWELL IN TIPPERARY!"





CHRISTMAS GREEN

By Claribel Weeks Avery

THE wind went through the forest
Like a tiger's purr,
And the maple bent his branches
For a whisper to the fir.

We have laid aside our garments
For a time of rest.
We wore our green all summer,
And in fall we wore our best.

These winds would tear our raiment,
And on frosty eves,
We see the stars better
When our boughs are clear of leaves.

But you have not lost a needle;
You are as prickly as a burr.
Why don't you keep in fashion?"
Asked the maple of the fir.

I keep my green for Christmas,"
Was the fir's reply.
"I am counting every hour
As the days go by.

I shall sparkle out in snow-fire
Like a silver-spangled elf,
And I shall not miss the starshine
When I wear the stars myself.

You lost your autumn glory
When the wind began to stir.
I wear my green for Christmas,"
Said the needle-covered fir.

THE LITTLEST DRAGON

By Marie Gosset

I.—THE LITTLEST DRAGON GETS A HOLIDAY

ONCE upon a time there was a little dragon who grumbled all day long because he had to polish his scales. Now a dragon, as every child knows, is covered from the tip of his shiny nose to the tip of his long tail with thousands of gleaming yellow, blue, pink and gold scales.

"I don't like to be a dragon," wailed the Littlest Dragon. "I don't like to spit fire and smoke from my nostrils and prance over hill and dale, tearing up fields, up-rooting trees, and terrifying everyone," he continued. "And I do hate to polish these scales," he muttered to himself.

The Mother-of-all-Dragons overheard this, and she said to the Littlest Dragon, "You have beautiful silver and blue scales on the tip of a nice tail, and lovely green and gold ones behind your ears and I should think you would like to keep them looking bright."

"I DON'T LIKE TO BE A DRAGON"

"I do like bright scales," said the Littlest Dragon, "but we live here in the lowland and they get rusty so quickly, and oh! I get so tired of being a dragon. I wish I could be a cow and eat nice grass, or a Real Child and have some strawberries and cream, but I can't eat anything with this old dragon stomach of mine made of hot iron," he moaned.

He went on digilently polishing each scale, for he knew the sharp eyes of the Mother-of-all-Dragons would see them if they were not polished to mirror-like brightness. But the more he polished, the more he grumbled to himself, and every now and then he would snort out fiery sparks from his nostrils.

"No self-respecting, tidy dragon would grumble as you do," chided the Mother-of-all-Dragons.

"YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL SILVER AND BLUE SCALES"

"This is the worst job in the whole wide world," answered the Littlest Dragon sulkily as he gave his tail three shakes. "Oh, if I could just have a holiday," moaned the Littlest Dragon.

"Very well," promised the Mother-of-all-Dragons, "tomorrow, you shall have a holiday."

"Oh, goody," exclaimed the Littlest Dragon joyously.

"But I warn you," went on the Mother-of-all-Dragons, that you will regret any wild celebration, for the next day will only find your scales harder to polish than if you kept them polished nicely every day. That is always the way; if we do not do our tasks every day they only get harder."

"But a holiday," said the Littlest Dragon rapturously. "May I do anything I like tomorrow?"

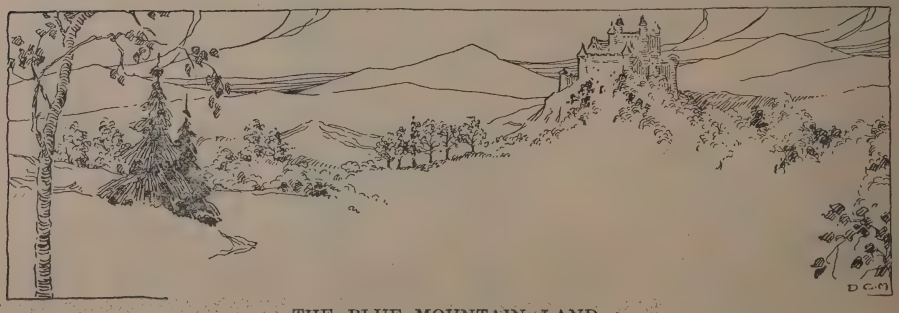
"Yes," interrupted the Mother-of-all-Dragons rather sharply. The Mother of-all-Dragons was quite satisfied with her life as a Dragon, and she couldn't understand why any dragon could want to be anything else.

"What shall I pretend I'll be?" murmured the Littlest Dragon. "Maybe I'll play at being a cow. No," he mused, "I think I'll pretend I'm a Real Child."

He didn't know just exactly what a Real Child was, but he had often heard the older dragons talk of the beautiful Real Children they had met on trips to the Blue Mountain Land, far off to the West, where dwelled King Happiness and Queen Charming, with their beautiful little daughter, Princess Periwinkle and all their subjects.

"But whatever I do," said the Littlest Dragon, "I won't have to polish my scales and I'll have a glorious time."

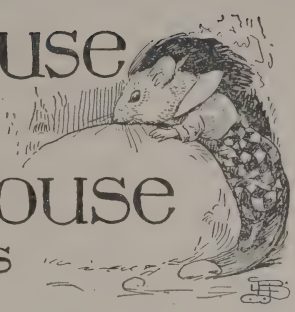
(To be continued)



THE BLUE MOUNTAIN LAND

Creepy Mouse and Squeakie Mouse

by Alice Lutes



ONCE upon a time, three mice, Creepy, Squeakie, and Mother Mouse, lived happily together under the floor beneath the kitchen cupboard. Mother Mouse had gnawed a hole through both floor and cupboard so she could get into the cupboard with less danger of being caught by Tabby Cat.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak," came from under the floor this morning, and of course you would know at once that it was Squeaky who was making this dreadful noise. He had been squeaking just as hard as he could for several minutes, too, and big mouse tears were dropping from the end of his little, pointed nose.

He had been very naughty all morning, and once he came near getting caught by Tabby Cat, just because he persisted in poking his head up through the mouse hole in the floor.

Three times he had done it, and each time had Mother Mouse pulled him back by his tail and scolded him soundly.

"Squeakie, if you do that just one more time, I shall have to punish you with my whip," threatened she, as she finished her morning's work, all the time keeping an eye on her naughty, little child.

"Well, but I want to see if any one might not have dropped something by the cupboard," wailed Squeakie. "I'm hungry."

"Hungry!" cried Mother Mouse disgustedly. "Why, child, it

MOUSE TEARS WERE RUNNING DOWN HIS LITTLE NOSE

hasn't been an hour since you ate your breakfast."

"Yes, but I didn't eat much," whined Squeakie.

"You ate enough, young man, and don't you dare go near that hole again unless you want a good spanking," said Mother Mouse, shaking one toe at him threateningly.

But Squeakie was just like some children I have known; if their mammas tell them they mustn't have, or do a certain thing, they want that thing more than anything they can think of, and never seem satisfied until they get what they want and also a — spanking.

Just so with Squeakie.

When Mother Mouse went out in the mouse dining-room, Squeakie crept slyly up to the hole, and poking his head up through it, looked about for crumbs or bits of food that might have been dropped, but saw nothing.

Suddenly he felt a hard jerk on his tail that nearly pulled it off, and he came tumbling down on his back, kersplat.

And such a good whipping as he did get! My!

And what do you suppose mother mice use to whip their naughty children with? Well, sir, nothing but a long broom-straw.

Mother Mouse had pulled it from the new kitchen broom that very morning, as her old straw was broken, and she strongly suspected that Creepy or Squeakie had nibbled it in two on purpose.

So, that was why Squeakie was crying "s q u e a k, s q u e a k, squeak," at the beginning of this story, and t h a t w a s w h y t h e mouse tears were running down his little nose. But he really deserved a w h i p p i n g, don't you think?

HE PERSISTED IN POKING HIS HEAD UP THROUGH THE HOLE

C r e e p y b e c a m e

frightened at the loud squeaks and had crept away to hide in an old shoe, while Squeakie sat in a dark corner, pouting and wiping the tears on his little, furry coat sleeve, just like a little boy.

"I'm not going to stay here," he sobbed, "I mean to run off."

Have you ever heard a mouse sob, children?

"I will go with you," whispered Creepy, creeping up close to Squeakie, "for I think our mother whips us too often, and for almost nothing, sometimes. When shall we start?

"Right this very minute," sobbed Squeakie. "I just will not stay here another day, so there! Mother Mouse is busy in her kitchen and now is a good time to escape. Don't creep so slowly, Creepy. Hurry up!"

So, up through the hole they crept as fast as they could, and sat under the cupboard, looking about with frightened eyes, for, sitting in the door in the sun just a short distance from them was Mr. Tabby Cat! And he must have seen them, too, for he suddenly quit purring, and sitting up very straight looked right under the cupboard.

"HERE, HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON?"

"Oh! dear! Squeak, squeak! Where shall we hide?" cried Squeakie.

"Let's creep into this empty can," whispered Creepy.

And they did so just in time, for with a spring, Tabby Cat landed on the very spot upon which they had sat. Then, seeing that they had run into the can, he pounced upon it and tried to stick his sharp claws into the frightened mice who were running around in the can, squeaking and trying to keep out of his reach.

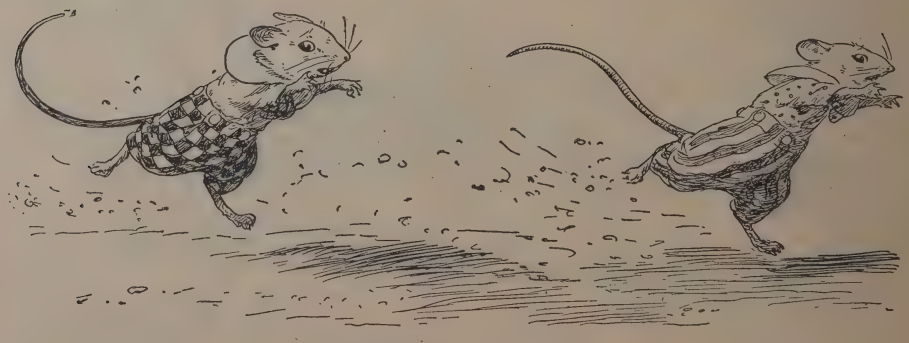
Suddenly, just as they were about to give up, a big, loud voice sounded right over the can, and Tige, the watch dog, poked his nose into the top of it.

"Here, here! what's going on in there, anyhow," he roared.

"Oh, please, please, Mr. Tige, help us out," wailed both mice at once. "We want to go home! We want our ma!"

"All right, little ones, home you go then! Out with you, for there is no cat around within a mile, perhaps. You should have seen Tabby fly through the window when I came in," laughed Tige.

"Thank you, Tige," said both mice as they crept back into the mouse hole in the floor, glad to be home again, safe from Tabby. Mother Mouse was still busy in her kitchen, making cheese patties, and didn't know they had run off, or they might have had another broom straw whipping. And you may be sure they never told her, either.



"WE WANT TO GO HOME?"

CATHARINE SHERWOOD

(See page 139 for directions and story)

LITTLE FOLKS WORLD NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

Dear World Neighbors:

Some of you have written most interesting letters to be sent to children in other countries. Nearly all of them are letters that I have been proud to forward to friends who have offered to help our club. But one of two of them I had to return for corrections, because, of course, you want your letters to be as nearly right as you can make them.

So I am going to ask that all of the boys and girls who want to join the World Neighborhood Club remember that three things are needed, besides ideas. These are:

1. Heavy paper with envelopes to match.
2. A good pen and ink.
3. Postage; send five cents if the letter is to go to any country except Canada or Great Britain.

It would be a good idea to get your mother or father, or your teacher to give you any help you need with spelling and grammar.

Directions for joining the World Neighborhood Club have been printed in both the November and December issues. If you have neither of those issues, write to the

Editor,
Little Folks World Neighborhood Club
Little Folks Magazine,
Salem, Mass.

and say that you would like to join the World Neighborhood Club and instructions will be mailed you.

Brigham City, Utah.

Dear "Little Folks":—We have only taken you a short time, and I wish we had started taking you before as I like you so much. I am fifteen and will be in the third year of High School next year. School starts here in the middle of September and ends the middle of May. Each year we go on a hike, and this year we went (about 700) to a place about half way up the mountain called Flat Bottom. It is the old water mark of Great Salt Lake. When we got there we cooked weenies and had games. We surely had a fine time. There are five in our family: mother, father, two brothers, eighteen and eight, and myself. My birthday is in October. For pets we have wild geese, a cat, a goat and a coyote. Last Sunday we went fishing and I caught my first fish, a trout weighing a pound and fourteen inches long. I was very happy. Brigham City is adapted for agriculture, especially peach raising, and each year in September we have a holiday called Peach Day, and we have a carnival and other entertainments. On the east and north and south of Brigham are mountains, and on the west Great Salt Lake. I will close now, hoping someone near my own age will write to me, and I promise to answer all the letters I receive. My address is 119 North 4th West.

Leona Cummings.

Otisville, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I do not take you, but my sister does. I enjoy your stories very much. I like "Constance and the Twins." I am eleven years old and I am in the seventh grade at school. I live on a large farm in a valley. There is a stream that flows through the valley which is called "Bashers Kill." It is named after an old Indian Squaw who used to trap in it. One day when she was trapping she fell in, and they named it after her. This is one way that we can tell that there have been Indians here. Another way is that on a neighboring farm they found arrow heads. Some of the arrow heads are smooth, and others are rough around the edges. The arrows that are rough around the edges are the war arrows. The rough-edged arrows are called barbed arrows. This is what my teacher told me. I would like someone from Florida to write to me, but I will answer letters from anywhere. My address is Box 161.

Dorothy King.

Dear "Little Folks":—Although I am not at the age that generally likes Little Folks I still enjoy looking over it. My two little brothers take and enjoy you very much. I am seventeen and a Junior in High School, as due to a great deal of illness, I am behind my class. I want to tell you about a friendship I have made. It is with a little girl in Texas, and although I have never seen her I like her very well from her letters. This little girl and I have been corresponding since about nineteen seventeen. You never could guess where I got her address! In Little Folks! I certainly am grateful to you for helping me make such a nice friend. I live near Gettysburg, which is a very beautiful, interesting and historical spot. I go over the battlefield nearly every year. My school is a boarding-school near Philadelphia. If there are any boys or girls of any age or from any place who would like to write to me and be told about Gettysburg, and my good times at school, I certainly would like to answer them. I thank you again for your help in getting me a nice friend.

Margaret Tyson.

Washington, D. C.

Dear "Little Folks"—I certainly do enjoy you very much and I have taken you for two years. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Washington is a beautiful city, and it has many fine parks, buildings and streets. On Easter Monday a great many children of the city roll their eggs on the grounds of the Executive Mansion or "White House" as it is usually called. I would like any boy or girl to write to me and I will be sure to answer them. My address is 3523-14th St., N. W.

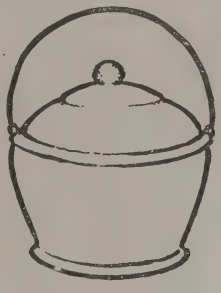
Eleanor Wright.

JOHNNY AND JIMMY ELF DRAW SOME FAIRY PICTURES FOR YOU

ELVES DRAW THEIR LITTLE PICTURES WITH BERRY JUICE ON DRY LEAVES. CAN YOU DRAW SOME WITH YOUR CRAYONS?

·1·

Jimmie Brown lost his CAP
With a green button on it



·2·

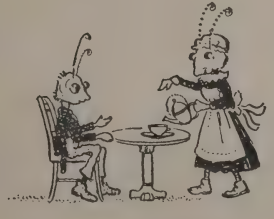
It had turned to a
PAIL
When the next time
he found it.

·3·

Then the cook came along
With a HANDLE and SPOUT;

·4·

And this is the way
That the CAP
turned out.



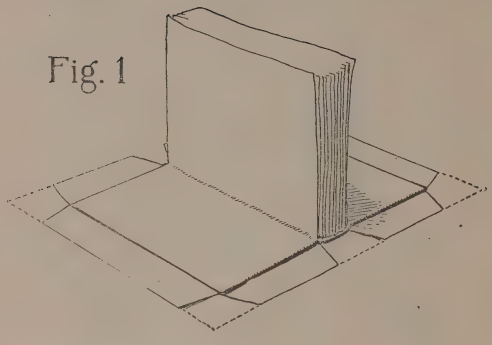
I saw these funny pictures in the Cook's kitchen the other day. Can you draw them? Yours artistically

Jimmy Elf.

JOHN · T · LEMOS

HOW TO COVER BOOKS

By H. J. Gray



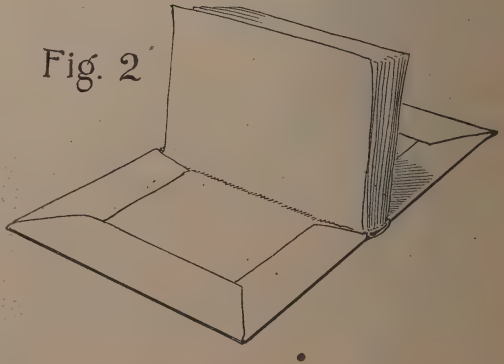
WHEN a book is lent to you to read, always cover it neatly with brown paper so that the outside will not get soiled or dusty while it is in your possession. The same plan will make your own books last much longer and keep the bindings always clean and tidy.

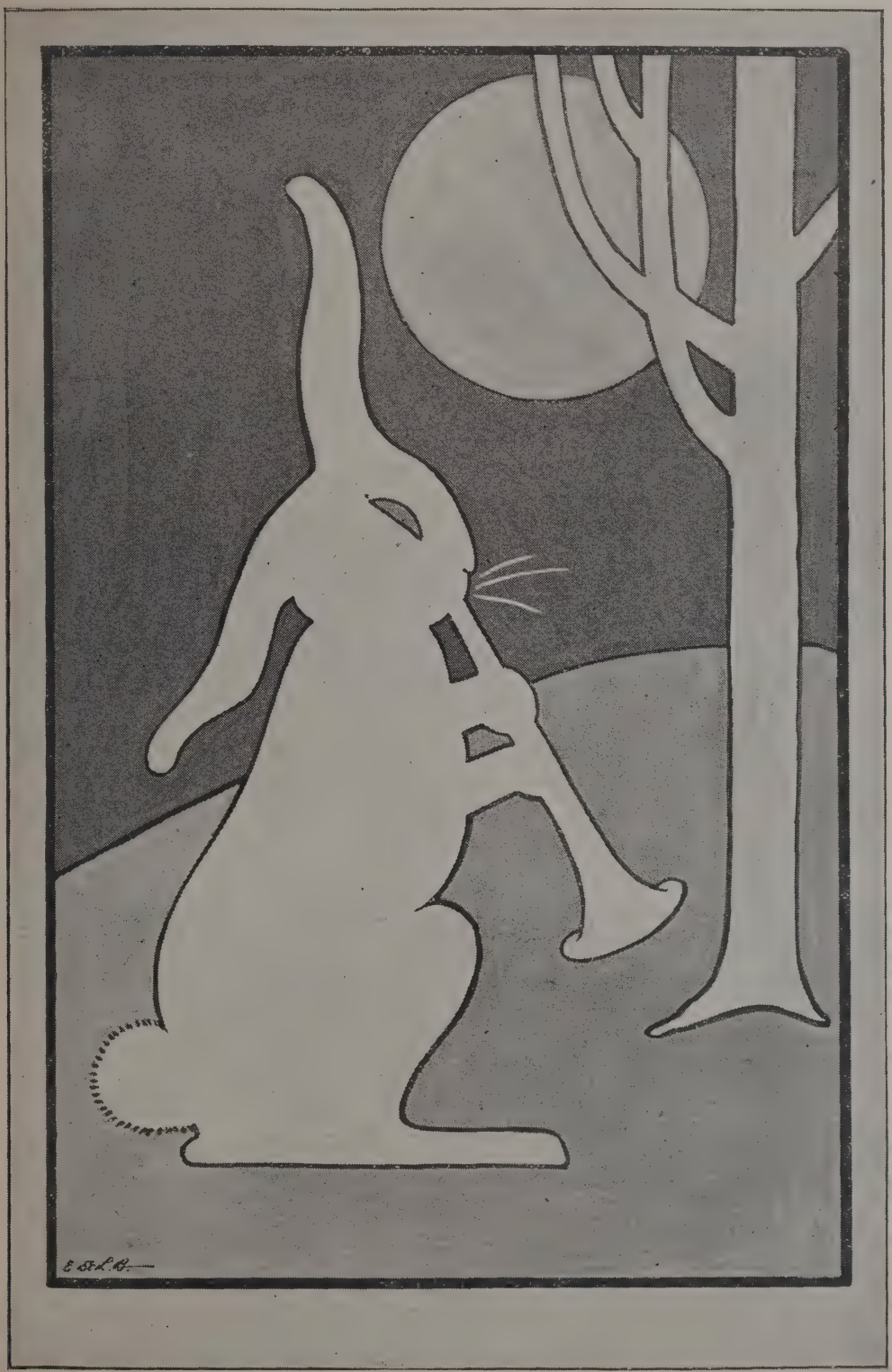
Measure the size of the book when open and cut a piece of stiff brown paper four inches larger all round, or a little less than this in case of a small book. Then lay the paper flat on the table and open out the book as shown in Fig. 1, the leaves being held upright and the covers lying flat on the paper. The dotted line shows the shape of the paper in the first place. It must be cut at the covers as illustrated, and two V-shaped pieces must be cut out at the center. It will be seen from Fig. 1 that these are about the same width at the small end as the thickness of the book, widening out towards the edge of the paper.

The paper must then be turned in as shown in Fig. 2. You will have to half close the book to do this because the cover will be tighter on a closed book than on an open one. Allow just sufficient room for the book to close easily without straining the cover, and be careful to crease the paper evenly so as to make a nice neat job. For a temporary cover, on a borrowed volume, it will be sufficient to fix the turned-in edges of the paper with a little dab of sealing wax at each corner.

Sometimes the cover is fixed by sewing across from corner to corner with stout black thread, but this is rather likely to come loose after a time. The sealing wax is neater as it does not show at all. But use only a little wax, not a large lump that will prevent the book closing flat.

In case of your own books, if the cover is to remain on permanently, the edges can be fixed by a still neater method. Cut two pieces of thick white paper a quarter of an inch smaller all round than the book, and paste these inside so as to keep the edges of the cover flat and always in position. Only the edges that cover the brown paper must be pasted, not the middle part which comes over the inside of the cardboard covers. If you can print neatly, the title of the book can be lettered outside and on the back as well, using gummed paper to print on, and afterward sticking the paper quite flat and straight with the edges of the cover.





Look on page 139 to find out how to make a beautiful colored picture of Bunny in the moonlight

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE

The All-Alone House is the first of "The Kate Greenaway Books," by Ruth Campbell. There are three of them, all stories about the delightful doings of seven lively cousins and three dogs. The children spent a great deal of their time at their Grandmother's Big House, and their good times, their mischief and their pets are described so charmingly that mothers and fathers will be glad to read them aloud.

The seven cousins in this series are real children and the unusual things told in the books really did happen. It was often fortunate for the children that they had an understanding grandmother. The Penn Publishing Co. are the publishers and the books are on sale at all bookstores. Their covers are made from lovely Kate Greenaway originals never before published.

A cunning little gift book for a small girl is "The Cook's Surprise" by Margery Clark, published by Doubleday Page and Co. The funny little rhyme and its illustrations will quickly teach a little girl the things that go to make a cake.

Every boy and girl should have the Kate Greenaway Books. Frederick Warne & Co., have recently brought out new editions of the books that delighted children thirty or forty years ago. The lovely colored pictures are just as charming as ever. *Marigold Garden* and the *Kate Greenaway Birthday Book* will be found in all bookstores.

Citizen Bird is a book that was published twenty-five years ago for "all boys and girls who love birds and wish to protect them." If you don't love birds, it is because you do not know them. Read *Citizen Bird* and you will love your wonderful little neighbors and be grateful to them for the things they do for your comfort and happiness. It is a very interesting story about the Doctor, who went out with his little girl and his nephew and niece and one or two others, to get acquainted with the birds. The book is written by Mabel O. Wright and Dr. Elliott Coues, and Macmillan Company have just brought out a new edition with many illustrations.

"Knee-high to a Grasshopper" is a new sort of story, by Anne and Dilwyn Parrish, about a man who laughed at the Coachman-to-the-World-Beyond, and offended him so that he refused to come and take him to the next world. And so the Man lived on and on, and instead of getting older and bigger, he grew younger and smaller, until he was knee-high to a grasshopper. And, of course, his bathtub was as big as an ocean to him and his umbrella was like a cypress tree, and all of his house and clothes were so huge that he went to live with his little friends of the Meadow and the Pond and the Woods. And you may read all about how he dressed and the house he lived in and his good little friends, in the book, which is published by Macmillan Co., New York.

Did you know that Hendrick W. Van Loon, who wrote "The Story of Mankind," has written a "History with a Match," a book for boys and girls and grown-ups, too, which tells in a funny, easy-to-remember way about the early navigators, and how America was discovered. Fathers and mothers and all the family will enjoy this book, with its unusual and amusing pictures, "made

Continued on page 144)

LITTLE FOLKS PAPER DOLL

This is Catharine Sherwood, a very lovely little girl. If she didn't like her teacher pretty well, and think the work in the third grade was pretty nice, I'm afraid she would be mischievous. She has chestnut brown hair and black eyes. Her best hat, in the upper left hand corner is brown with orange ribbon on it. The little dress underneath it is white with orange ruffles and sash. The sweater is a heavy white one, which she wears with her dark blue bloomers when she goes snow-shoeing in her new snow-shoes and nice brown moccasins. Color the stocking cap navy blue to go with the bloomers. If you paint her best coat brown, it will go nicely with her best hat. Her school hat in the top right hand corner is dark green, with a lighter green band and feather. Paint the last little school dress blue, except the sleeves and collar which should be left white.

Directions for Making the Cut Paper Picture

(*See page 137*)

Make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Use this as a pattern. Cut the sky from dark blue paper, the foreground light green, the moon orange, the tree light gray, and the rabbit white with pink eye. Paste these parts in their correct positions on a piece of heavy gray or black cardboard, leaving a margin as shown in the poster.

Instead of colored papers the whole may be cut from white paper and colored with crayons.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE will be sent free for a year to anyone who sends two new yearly subscriptions for $2.00 each. Renew your subscription free by securing two new subscriptions.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS

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Eleanor Lane (13 yrs.), Osceola Mills, Osceola, Pa.

Gertrude Backes (14), Hilbert, Wisc.

Pauline Draheim (10), Hilbert, Wisc.

Sara A. Locke, 6 Wells Ave., Amesbury, Mass.

Mary Frances Carpenter (11), Shelby, N. C.

Annette Gallagher, R. 4, Box 176, Sebastopol, Cal.

Ruth W. Wilkins, Tyngsboro, Mass.

Dorothy Thompson (13), 3916 Chesapeake St., Washington, D. C.

Emily V. Tiffany, Warrenton, Va.

Lucy M. Dorrance, care Mrs. A. Green, Sheldon, N. Dak.

Roberta Milan, Brundage, Texas.

Helen Margaret Thompson (11), 3919 Chesapeake St., Washington, D. C.

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$5.50
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Woman's Home Companion
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Little Folks
McCall's
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McCall's
$3.40
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Modern Priscilla
Pictorial Review
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People's Home Journal
Pictorial Review
$3.25
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Youth's Companion
$4.75
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Little Folks
Today's
McCall's
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Little Folks
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American Magazine
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American Woman
$3.10
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Little Folks
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People's Home Journal
$4.15
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Little Folks
People's Home Journal
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$3.00
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Little Folks
People's Home Journal
McCall's
$3.00
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Little Folks
Modern Priscilla
Today's Housewife
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Little Folks
Youth's Companion
McCall's
$4.25
Per copy value $6.00

If You Prefer Make Up Your Own Combination

Add together the combination of magazines wanted; multiply the number by five. This total will be the correct price to remit. For instance:

Combination No. 50 The American Magazine
Combination No. 30 Little Folks
Combination No. 34 Modern Priscilla
114 x 5--$5.70 (Amount to Remit)

For magazines that do not have combination numbers, remit the regular subscription price.

Combination number		Reg. Price	With Little Folks
40	American Boy	$2.00	$3.75
50	American Magazine	2.50	4.25
8	American Woman	.50	2.20
35	Boys' Life	2.00	3.50
17	Boys' Magazine	1.00	2.60
80	Century Magazine	5.00	5.75
35	Christian Herald	2.00	3.00
40	Collier's	2.50	3.75
	Cosmopolitan	3.00	4.75
75	Country Life	5.00	6.25
30	Delineator	2.00	3.75
22	Designer	1.50	2.85
35	Etude	2.00	3.50
45	Everybody's	2.50	4.00
7	Farm and Fireside	.50	2.15
7	Fruit, Garden & Home	.35	2.20
50	Garden Magazine	3.00	4.50
80	Harper's Magazine	4.00	5.00
40	Junior Home Magazine	2.50	4.00
30	Little Folks Magazine	2.00	
20	McCall's	1.00	2.40
70	Mentor	4.00	5.25
50	McClures's	3.00	4.00
34	Modern Priscilla	2.00	2.75
40	Motion Picture Magazine	2.50	4.00
40	Motion Picture Classic	2.50	4.00
50	Our World	3.00	4.00
17	Pathfinder	1.00	2.35
20	People's Home Journal	1.25	2.50
55	Physical Culture	3.00	4.25
30	Pictorial Review	1.50	2.65
50	Radio Broadcast	3.00	4.00
55	Review of Reviews	4.00	4.75
70	St. Nicholas	4.00	5.00
70	Scribner's	4.00	5.00
	Vanity Fair	3.50	4.75
	Vogue	5.00	6.25
30	Woman's Home Companion	1.50	3.25
8	Woman's World	.50	2.20
60	World's Work	4.00	5.25
50	Youth's Companion	2.50	3.75

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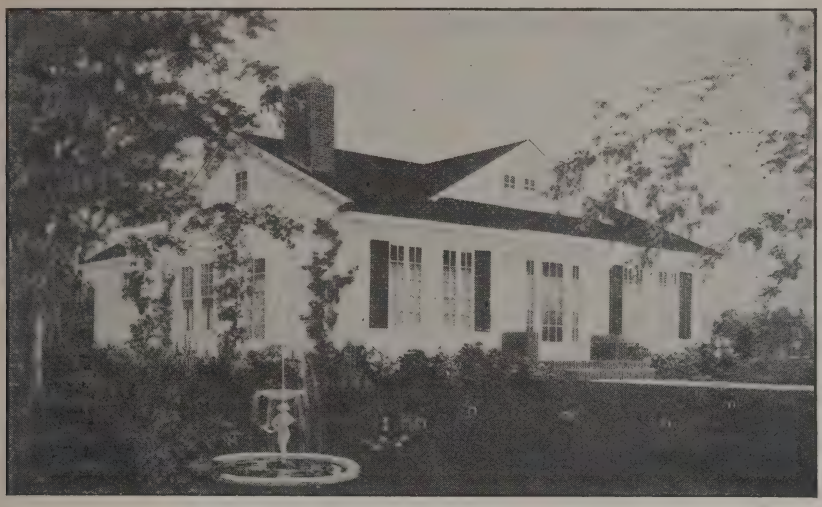

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There are three splendid bedrooms arranged for the interior, each leading off from central hall. Convenient little cloak closet is placed just next to the entrance. There are large closets for each bedroom. The living room extends 23 feet across the front of the house, and French door opens onto pergola porch.

This size is 26 x 38 with a 12 x 14 ell kitchen and an 8 x 14 pergola porch. Our free booklet of Aladdins will give full particulars and floor plan for this seven-room home, and many other low priced houses.

Read what Mr. Cassino, Publisher of Little Folks Magazine, says about his Aladdin home:

"I am more than pleased with the Aladdin home I am now erecting. The material is splendid, all cut to fit, and I shall make a considerable saving over any other form of construction that I investigated. I heartily recommend the Aladdin to all prospective builders." *Sincerely yours,*

HAROLD L. CASSINO

Satisfaction is the never failing result of the many customers who have selected the Cape Cod. Address Dept. 8161, if interested in an Aladdin home.

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SOMETHING TO GUESS

1. Why may carpenters believe there is no such thing as a stone?
2. When is paper money first mentioned in the Bible?
3. Where would you prefer to have a boil?
4. How many fathers has a man?
5. Why is an old man like a window?
6. Why is the letter D like a sailor?
7. Two Ns, two Os, a D and L, what noted place do these letters spell?

ANSWERS

1. Because they never saw it.
2. When the dove brought the green back to the ark.
3. In the kettle.
4. Nine: his father, his godfather, his father-in-law, his two grandfathers and his fore (four) fathers.
5. He is full of pains (panes).
6. Because it follows the C (sea).
7. London.

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

HAPPY NEW YEAR, Guard Cousins! Have you made all your New Year resolutions? If you are already a Home Guard member, I'm sure one of them is: "I will do my best to be a loyal Home Guard every day." And if you are not a Home Guard member as yet, I hope you will make this resolution: "I will join the Little Folks Home Guard today."

The New Year is such a good time to start things that I can't help hoping that every new Guard and every old Guard who has let a failure or two discourage him, will start this very day to keep one of the Guard pledges. When I was in school I learned that "Every morning is a fresh beginning." That means that we can forget the mistakes we made yesterday and start all over today, as fresh and new as the day itself. So, if you make a mistake in your pledge-keeping today, you can start fresh tomorrow. It is not a perfect record which counts; it is the effort you put into the keeping of your pledges that wins your honor for you; and discouragement isn't worth thinking about, because we never really fail until we stop trying. That's my New Year message to you, Guards—perhaps I should have said it is the message I send you every day.

Last month we talked about our first Home Guard pledge—"I will be obedient"—and discussed some of the ways in which the pledge could be kept. This month we will talk about the second pledge—"I will be helpful and willing."

There are so many ways of helping, and so many people to help! No wonder it is hard to know where to begin! I'll tell you where—right at home. Oh, I know you help, all of you; you help with chores, and errands and housework and all sorts of things. And sometimes you don't want to at all. It interrupts your play, doesn't it? But some grown-up insists, and the thing has to be done. Does it make it a bit easier or pleasanter if you fuss and pout and cry? I don't think so—not for you or the person for whom you are doing something. So our second pledge makes a point of your being *willing* to help. And part of the helping itself is in that very matter of being willing. If you want to frown or pout or sulk, smile and hum a tune or whistle, and see how much faster the thing can be done, so that you can get back to your play. It will surprise you!

There is another side to this second pledge, too, and it is that you will look for helpful things to do, and do them unasked. Do them in your home, and for your friends and playmates. Do you know some one whom you can help in some way? Can you read aloud to someone whose eyesight is not very good? Can you play with somebody's baby a little while now and then so somebody can rest? Can you do an errand for a neighbor? Can you bring a little sunshine into somebody's life? If you can't do these things, you can do something else, because the world is full of things to do—more than I have room ever to mention. I'm not going to tell you how happy you will be when you are being helpful and willing, because you will find that out for yourself; but I am going to tell you that you will win a great deal besides your Home Guard honor if you keep this pledge faithfully and well.

If you want to keep your pledge record in an interesting way, I suggest that you ask Mother for a handful of beans and two small bottles. Put all the beans in one bottle. The other bottle will hold your day's record. Every time you do a helpful thing *willingly*, run and drop a bean from the full bottle into the empty one. Play a game with yourself—see how many of your beans you can transfer from one bottle to the other in a day! You can use beads instead of beans if you like, or you can play the game with a package of candy wafers, and eat up all your helpfulness at the end of the day! Only don't do it every

(Continued on page 143)

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page 142*)

day! There would be far too many "helps" for your digestion! Perhaps you will think of some other interesting way to keep your daily record, but don't forget to set it down in your Home Guard record book, at the end of each day, as well.

LIST OF HONOR GUARDS

STAR GUARDS.—Norma Wallace, Mary McEldowney, Ruth Baumgarten, Esther, William and Wilbert Schmeckpeper, Esther Cummings, Mildred Cummings, Quincy McEldowney, Burtie Gettys, Mardis Compton, Norma Wiese.

HOME GUARDS.—Pearl Smith, Norma Wallace.

SUNSHINE GUARDS.—Mary Bell, Georgiemay Merriman, Murrielle McGaffee, Norma Wallace.

JEWEL GUARDS.—Margaret Eastwood, Norma Wallace, Dorothy Thomas.

PANSY GUARDS.—Norma Wallace, Ruth Ellingwood.

LIFE GUARDS.—Althea Nichols, Norma Wallace.

One new Star has been reported, at Sheffield, Illinois. The members are Janis Richardson, Esther Cummings, Mildred Cummings, Dorothy Johnson, Lois Denish, Marcella Gebeck.

I think you will be interested in the following newspaper clipping which I received from the De Kalb, Ill., Star, and will be as proud of our Guards as I am. The Guards mentioned are Luella, Evelyn and Curtis Jackson, Lela, Lola and Geraldine Brooke.

CHILDREN IN DONATION TO GROWING FUND

In the list of contributions to the Japanese relief fund being taken by the DeKalb Red Cross may be found the sum of $1.50. To many it will mean little or nothing, but to the members of the committee taking the collection it is about the biggest gift turned in yet.

The little children of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brooks and Mrs. M. L. Jackson worked the greater part of Saturday to earn the money so that they could also give to the suffering Japanese. Neighbors on the southern end of Haish Avenue will tell how the youngsters, with a basket of vegetables on their arms, went from home to home, selling a little here and a little there until all was sold and the large sum of $1.50 was earned.

The little children hurried to the First National Bank Saturday afternoon with the donation and no doubt experienced a little regret in not seeing their name on the list of contributors for Saturday. Their names will be down today.

(*Continued on page 144*)

MOTHERS

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Little Folks, Christian Herald, Modern Priscilla — All 3 for $4.50, Save $1.50	Little Folks, Christian Herald, McCall's Mag. — All 3 for $3.85, Save $1.15
Little Folks, Christian Herald, Boy'sLife[Scouts [or Etude Music] — All 3 for $4.90, Save $1.10	Little Folks, Christian Herald, Peo. Home Jour. — All 3 for $3.85, Save $1.40
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LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page 143*)

There is room for only two or three Star Reports this month. When you send yours, make it as helpful for other Stars as you can. They may wish to do the same things you are doing.

The Topeka, Kansas, Star reports: We are making paper dolls and putting them into envelopes to take to the mission. We will make scrap books and other toys, too. We have made a book in which we will keep a record of each meeting. Martha Stewart, Secretary.

The Westerly, R. I. Star reports: Each of our members is trying to ask one friend to join. At first these friends come and visit at one of our meetings, and then they join if they want to. Lydia Nichols, Secretary.

I am sure you are curious about our contest to select a slogan for our club. This is to announce to you that the Home Guard slogan is: "Well done is better than well said." It's a very good one, too. The Guard whose slogan was chosen by the largest number of votes is Eva Goodenough, of Pensacola, Florida. The prize of a crisp dollar bill has been sent to Eva.

My, but I wish I had ten times as much space as this! I could fill it full of your letters. Next month, since there isn't room for them this time, we will have some of our "Kindness Campaign" letters to read. We intended to close this contest in January, but so that you may have one last chance to get your final reports in, the results won't be printed until the March issue. But that means if you have entered the campaign you must send your reports as soon as you can after reading this announcement—"right away quick."

And now, before we say " 'Bye" till next time, I want to quote from a letter I received a while ago from Dorothy Vaders.

"Perhaps some of the Guards would like to send this little girl literature. She lives in South Africa, in a locality where there are only a few white families. Her address is Peggy Hawkins, Care O. C. Camel Depot, "Hofmeyr," via Mariental, South West Africa." Perhaps you would like to send her some copies of your magazine, or a book you have read and enjoyed.

If you are not a Guard member, you can become one by sending your name, age and address to Cousin Constance, c/o Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., enclosing seven cents in stamps or coin for a club pin and a folder explaining the club.

Lovingly,

"Cousin Constance."

LITTLE FOLKS BOOKCASE

(*Continued from page 138*)

with a match" by the author. David McKay, Philadelphia, is the publisher.

"The Story-teller" by Maud Lindsay is a collection of charming fanciful stories, which parents will enjoy reading aloud, for they are not only cleverly conceived but are smoothly written. Lothrop Lee and Shepard Co., Boston, are the publishers.

For very little folks there is a new A. B. C. book in brightest colors, designed by C. B. Falls to please his own three-year-old daughter. It is an animal picture book, beautifully printed from wood cuts. The book is published by Doubleday Page & Co., and is on sale at all bookstores at two dollars.

Two delightful little books of Grimm's Fairy Tales, edited by Sara E. Wiltse, have just been published by Ginn and Co., Boston. The books are printed in a fairly large type, and illustrated with many pictures in color by Blanche Fisher Laite. They may be purchased of the publishers, or at bookstores for sixty-eight cents the copy.

Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, two old friends of Little Folks, have prepared five dainty booklets, called the "Pinafore Series." They are selections of poems and verse and are called Palace Playtime, Nursery Nonsense, Baby's Friend, Baby Plays and Journeys, and Palace Bedtime. These are delightful little gift books for boys and girls of three to eight; they are charmingly illustrated in full color by Ruth Hambidge. Published by Doubleday Page & Co.

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